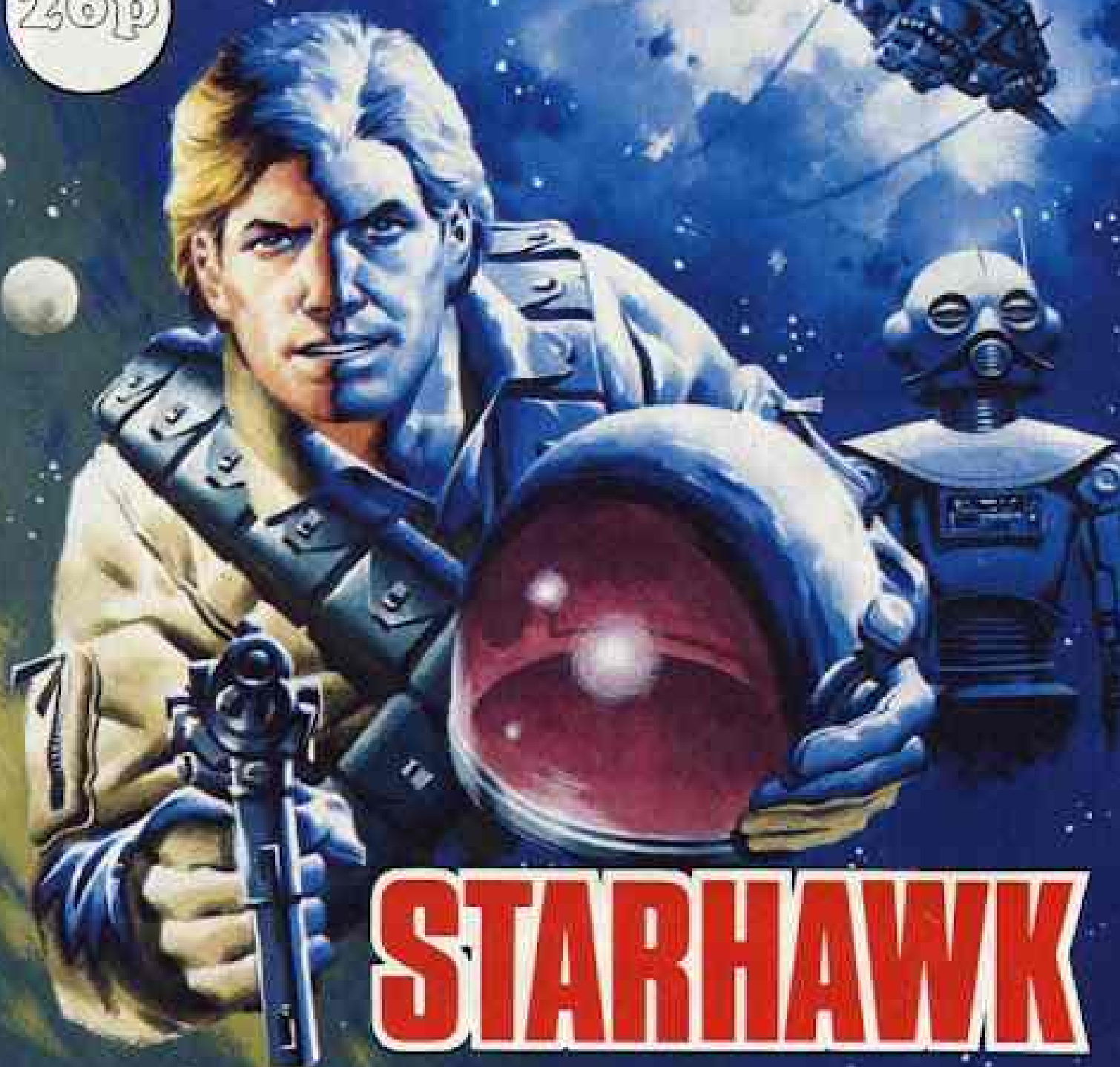


STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES

No. 186


26p



STARHAWK

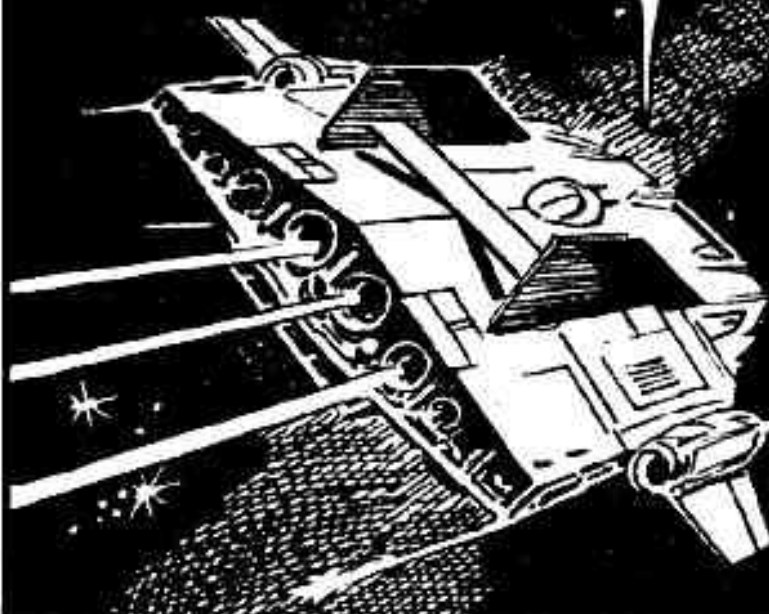
STARHAWK

CENTURY 26 AD... THE GALAXY-SPANNING TERRAN EMPIRE IS CRUMBLING IN DECLINE, THE ALIEN KRELL RAVAGING ITS MARGINS, ITS ORDER REPLACED BY CHAOS AND THE DAWN OF A NEW BARBARISM AMID WHICH ONE MAN STANDS FOR THE LAW AND AS HELPER OF THE OPPRESSED... SOL RYNN, KNOWN AS STARHAWK...



TIME TO AWAKEN, MISTER RYNN. WE HAVE ARRIVED.

URH — A WHOLE MONTH IN STASIS, EH, DROID. SIX HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS IS A LONG HOP EVEN FOR WARP-DRIVE.




SHOULDN'T BE KRELL TROUBLE
ON THIS SIDE OF THE GALAXY.
OUR CALLER MUST BE UP
AGAINST SOME OTHER PROBLEM.



STARHAWK'S CRAFT WAS ALERTED BY A
SPECIAL COMMUNICATIONS CARD.

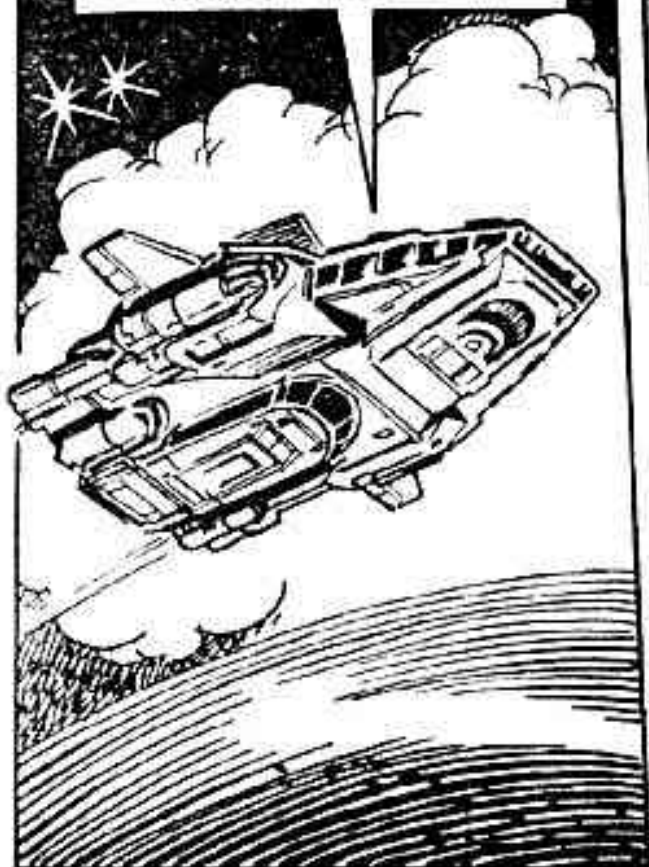
IF YOUR CAUSE IS JUST,
BUT THE ODDS ARE
TOO GREAT
USE ME



WENGEL'S STAR, A MAIN SYSTEM
F-6 TYPE. THE FOURTH PLANET,
WHICH WE NOW ORBIT, IS THE ONLY
PLANET CAPABLE OF SUSTAINING
TERRAN LIFE-FORMS.

WHICH MAKES IT THE MOST LIKELY
SOURCE OF THAT DISTRESS CALL.
RIGHT, DROID, LET'S GO IN.

MY DATABASE SHOWS WENGEL-FOUR TO BE EARTH-TYPE, RICH IN MINERALS AND GROWTH POTENTIAL — YET STRANGELY NEGLECTED. AN ATTEMPT AT MINING AND TWO EARLY SETTLEMENTS WERE ABANDONED.



WE ARE NOW OVER THE CULTIVATION AREA OF THE SECOND AND LAST SETTLEMENT.



ALL I SEE IS JUNGLE — NO, WAIT. SOMETHING IS COMING UP.



DWELLINGS, DROID — AND IT HASN'T BEEN ABANDONED.

A QUITE PRIMITIVE SPECTACLE,
MISTER RYNN — AND ODD.
NONE OF THOSE PEOPLE EVEN
LOOKED UP AT WHAT MUST BE
THE RARE SIGHT OF A
STARSHIP PASSING OVER.

WE'LL PLAY IT SAFE,
DROID. HOLD THE SHIP
IN A HIGH HOVER AND
LOWER ME BY
TRACTION BEAM.

STARHAWK DESCENDED ...

YOU'RE RIGHT, DROID
— IT'S ODD. NOBODY'S
EVEN BOTHERING TO
LOOK UP AT ME.



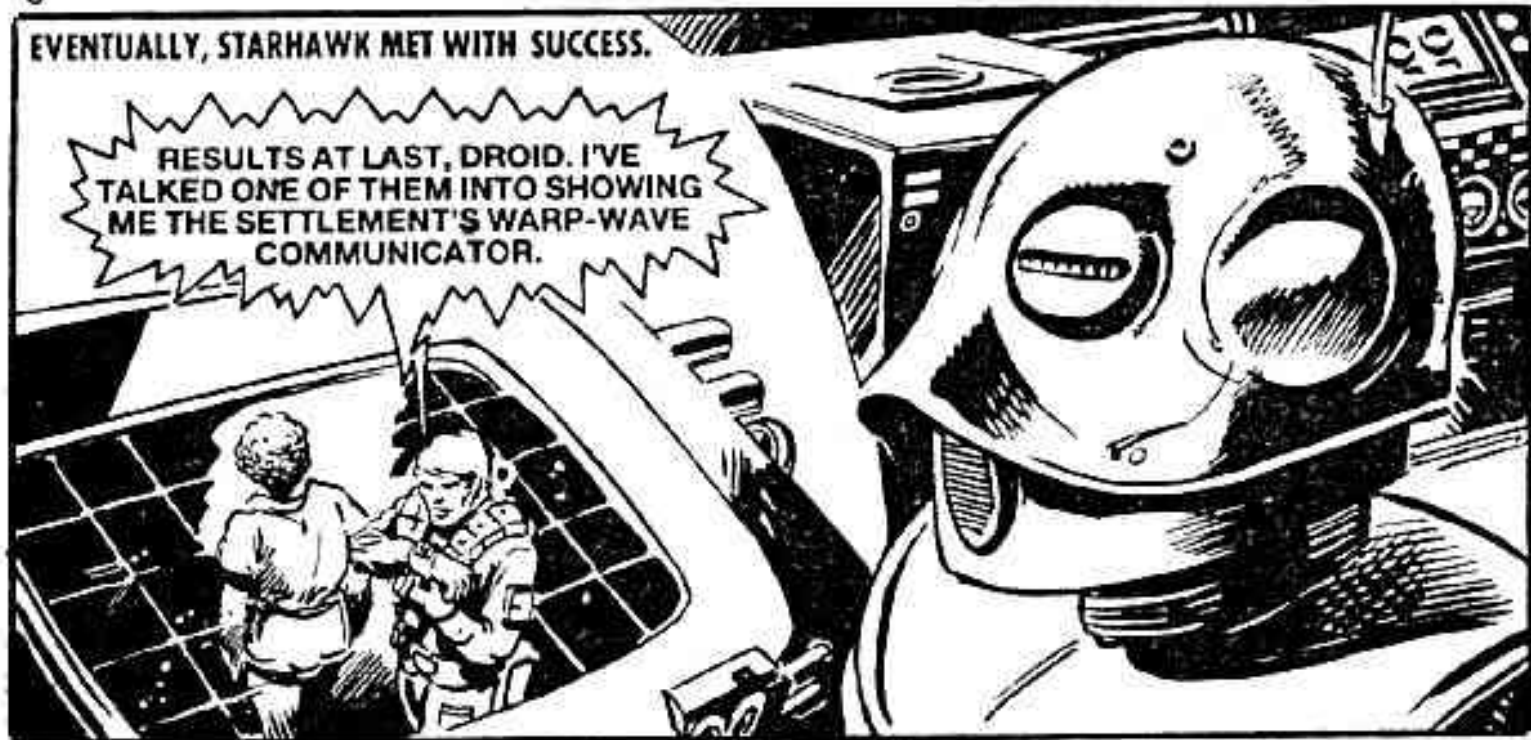


STARHAWK MADE ANOTHER
BID FOR ATTENTION...



EVENTUALLY, STARHAWK MET WITH SUCCESS.

RESULTS AT LAST, DROID. I'VE
TALKED ONE OF THEM INTO SHOWING
ME THE SETTLEMENT'S WARP-WAVE
COMMUNICATOR.



I BID YOU OPEN.

AT LEAST ONE PERSON IS
HELPFUL.



ONCE INSIDE THE BUILDING—

YOU SAY THIS COMMUNICATOR HAS NOT BEEN USED FOR TWENTY TERRAN YEAR PERIODS. IS IT THE ONLY ONE ON THE PLANET?

ONE OTHER UNIT WAS INSTALLED AT THE MINING OPERATION OVER ON THE NIGHT-SIDE.



STARHAWK RETURNED ABOARD SHIP ...

WHAT A SEND OFF! I COULD BE INVISIBLE FOR ALL THE NOTICE THOSE PEOPLE TAKE.



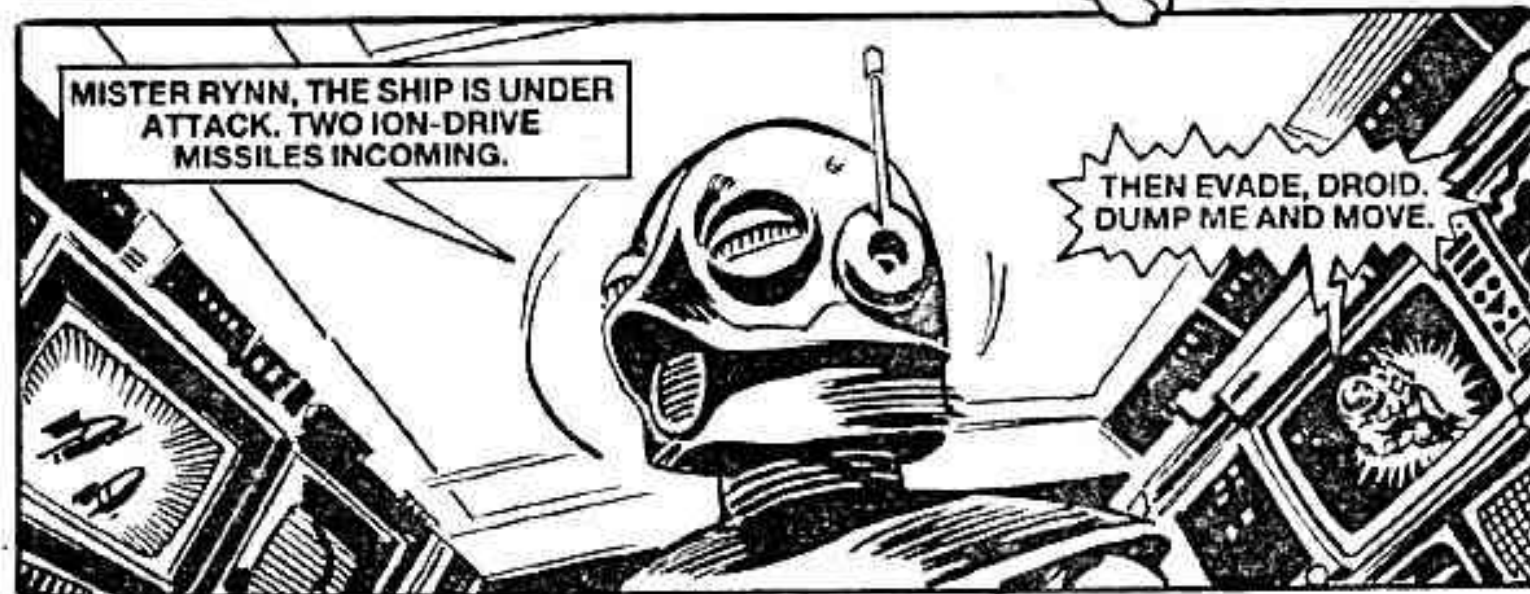
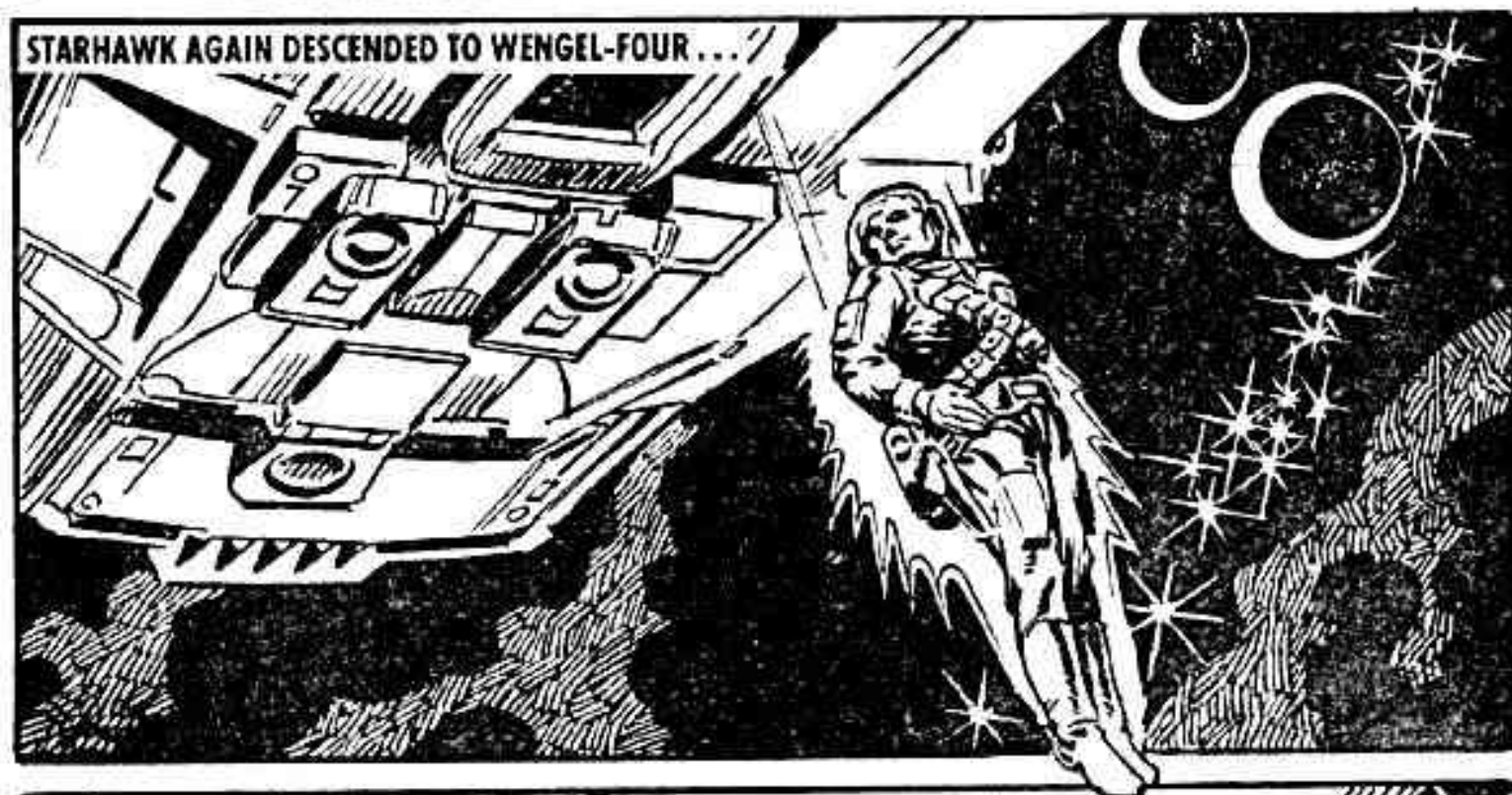
DROID, IT WAS REALLY CREEPY DOWN THERE. I'VE NEVER MET FOLK SO INCURIOUS, RELAXED AND PEACEFUL.



DEFINITELY NOT WHAT I HAVE COME TO EXPECT OF HUMANS, MISTER RYNN. I ASSUME YOU WISH COURSE SET FOR THE OLD MINING CAMP?

WE ARE MOVING FROM THE DAY-SIDE, MISTER RYNN. INFRA-SCAN WILL BE NEEDED TO AID YOUR HUMAN VISION.





STARHAWK TUMBLED ...

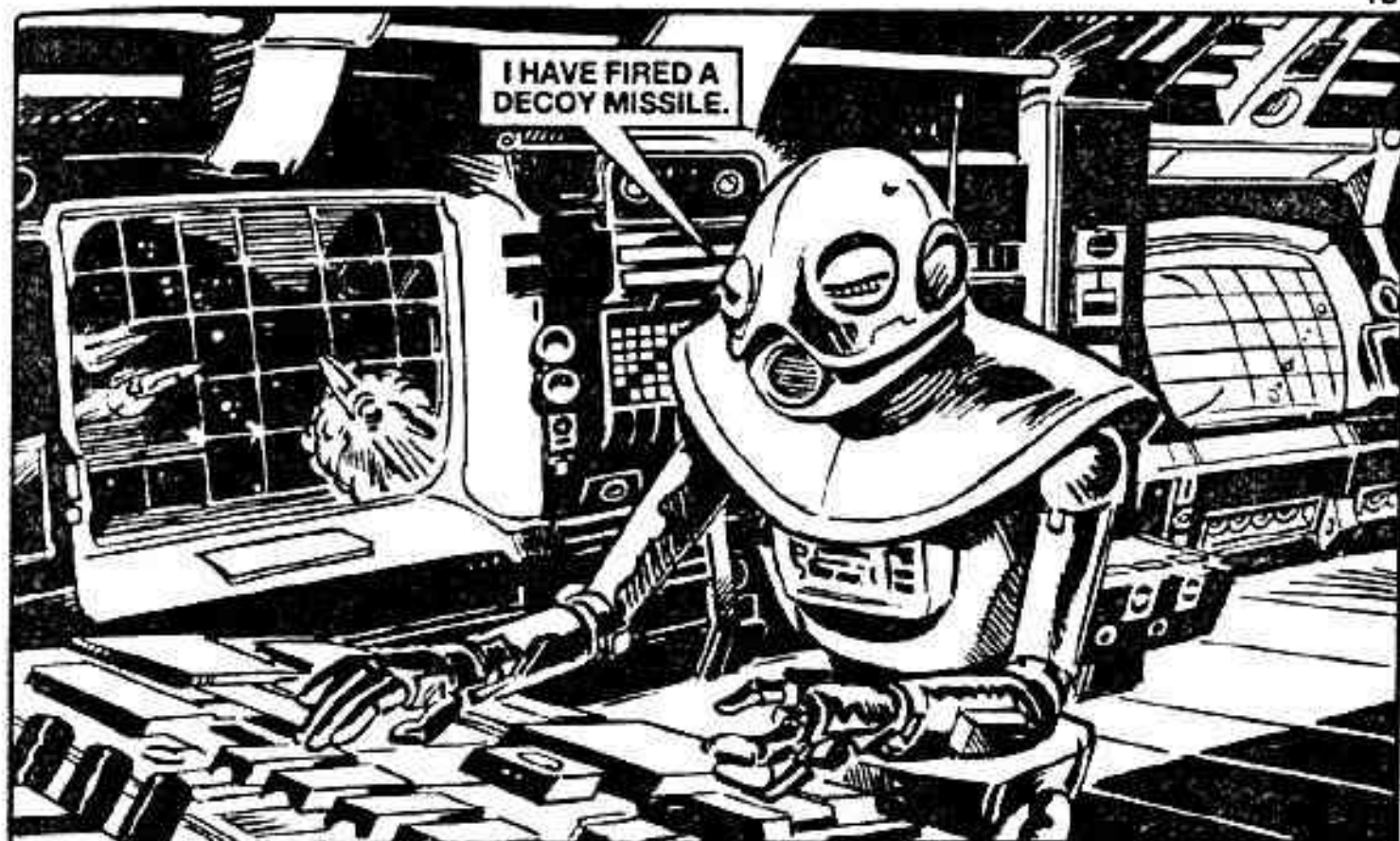


JETPACK FUNCTIONING.



MISTER RYNN, I AM NOW CLEAR OF
THE ATMOSPHERE. MISSILES STILL
IN PURSUIT. I CANNOT USE THE
ENERGY SHIELD SO CLOSE TO A
PLANET ...







THE DECOY IS IGNORED. MISTER RYNN, THOSE MISSILES CAN THINK — THEY ARE CLOSING IN.







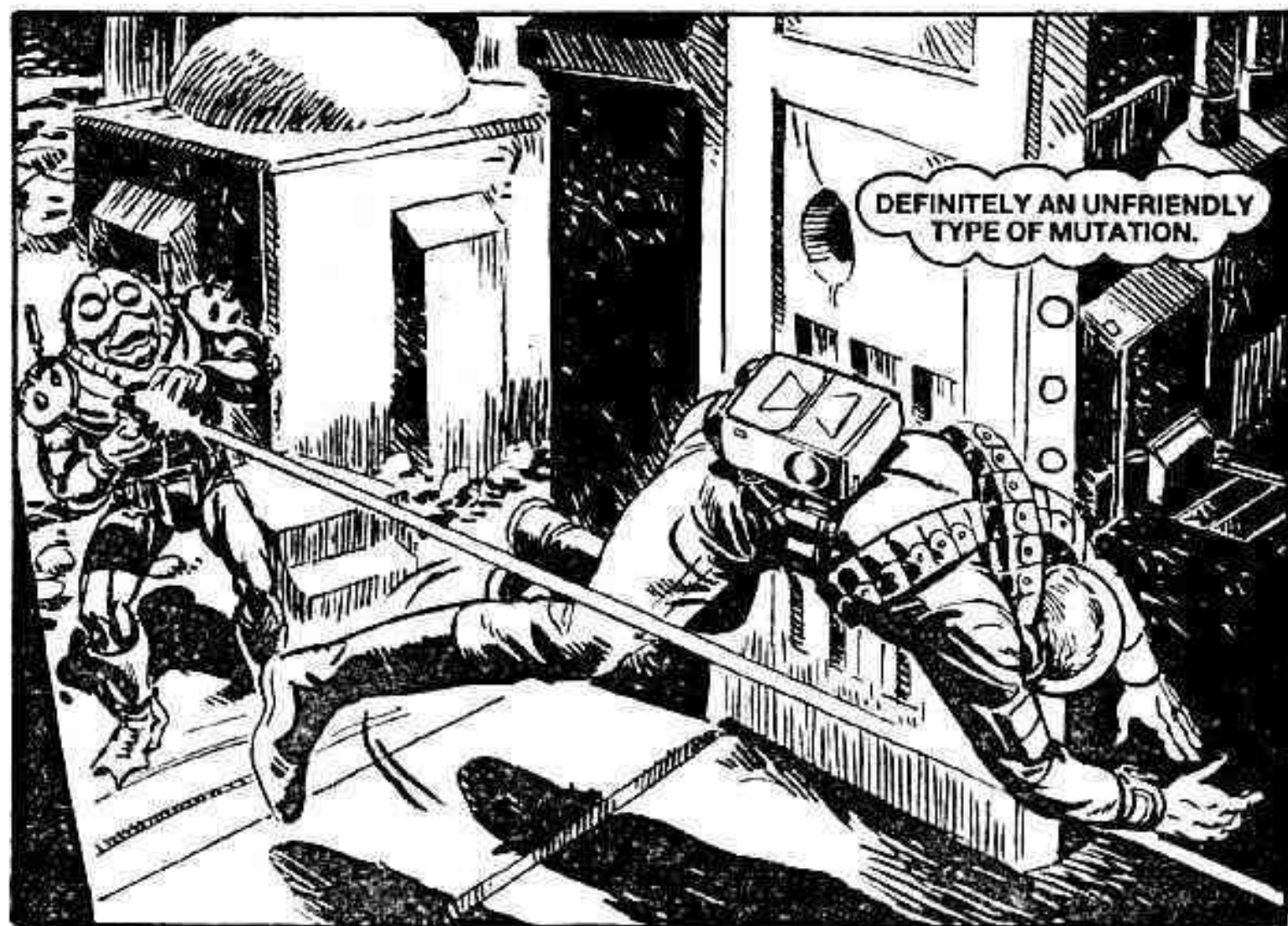
RADIATION INDICATES ENERGY SOURCE. THIS COULD BE THE COMMUNICATOR UNIT, BUT THE STRUCTURE IS TIGHTLY SEALED.



SO LET'S UNLOCK IT WITH A MESON-BLAST.










UNLESS HE IS JUST WORKING ON
FRESH VENTILATION FOR THE
PLACE!

MAY AS WELL USE
THE NEW EXIT.



NOW THERE'S
TWO OF THEM.



STOP HIM!



STARHAWK'S THOUGHTS WERE RUDELY INTERRUPTED —

ANOTHER MUTANT!

GRRAAOW!

AND JUST AS UNPLEASANT
AS THAT OTHER PAIR.



STARHAWK DROPPED DOWN INTO AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER —



A HUMAN BEING?

THIS WAY,
PILGRIM.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT THING.
IT'S JUST SHOOTING BLIND! THE
MUTANTS ARE EASY ENOUGH TO
DODGE.



I'M ORKINS, CARETAKER FOR
MAGALOS MINING. RETIRED
SPACERS LIKE ME COME
CHEAPER THAN VALUABLE
ROBOTECHS! A CUSHY
BILLET — OR WAS BEFORE
THEM MONSTROSITIES
TURNED UP. COME ON, DOWN
HERE.




THEY DESCENDED ON A GRAV-PAD.

I RECKON YOU MUST BE
STARHAWK. WHAT TOOK
YOU SO LONG GETTING
HERE?

SO THE CALL CAME FROM
YOU, ORKINS. WELL, I DID
HAVE TO WARP OVER SIX
HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS.


THE MUTANTS STRIPPED THE
FISSION UNIT, BUT I RIGGED
AN EMERGENCY UNIT TO
KEEP POWER TO THIS ANTI-
GRAV LIFT AND A FEW OTHER
ITEMS.






I SLEEP HERE — SINCE THEM
MUTANTS BLASTED MY COTTAGE.
THEY TURNED UP ABOUT A HUNDRED
TERRAN DAY PERIODS AGO AND
STARTED TAKING AWAY MACHINERY.
I NEARLY GOT FRIED WHEN I
OBJECTED AND SINCE THEN I'VE
DODGED 'EM ...

A black and white comic panel showing two men in a cluttered room. One man, wearing a cap and a flight suit, is running towards the left. The other man, also in a flight suit, is running towards the right. The room is filled with various items, including a large cabinet with shelves, a desk, and a chair. The man on the right is holding a small object in his hand.



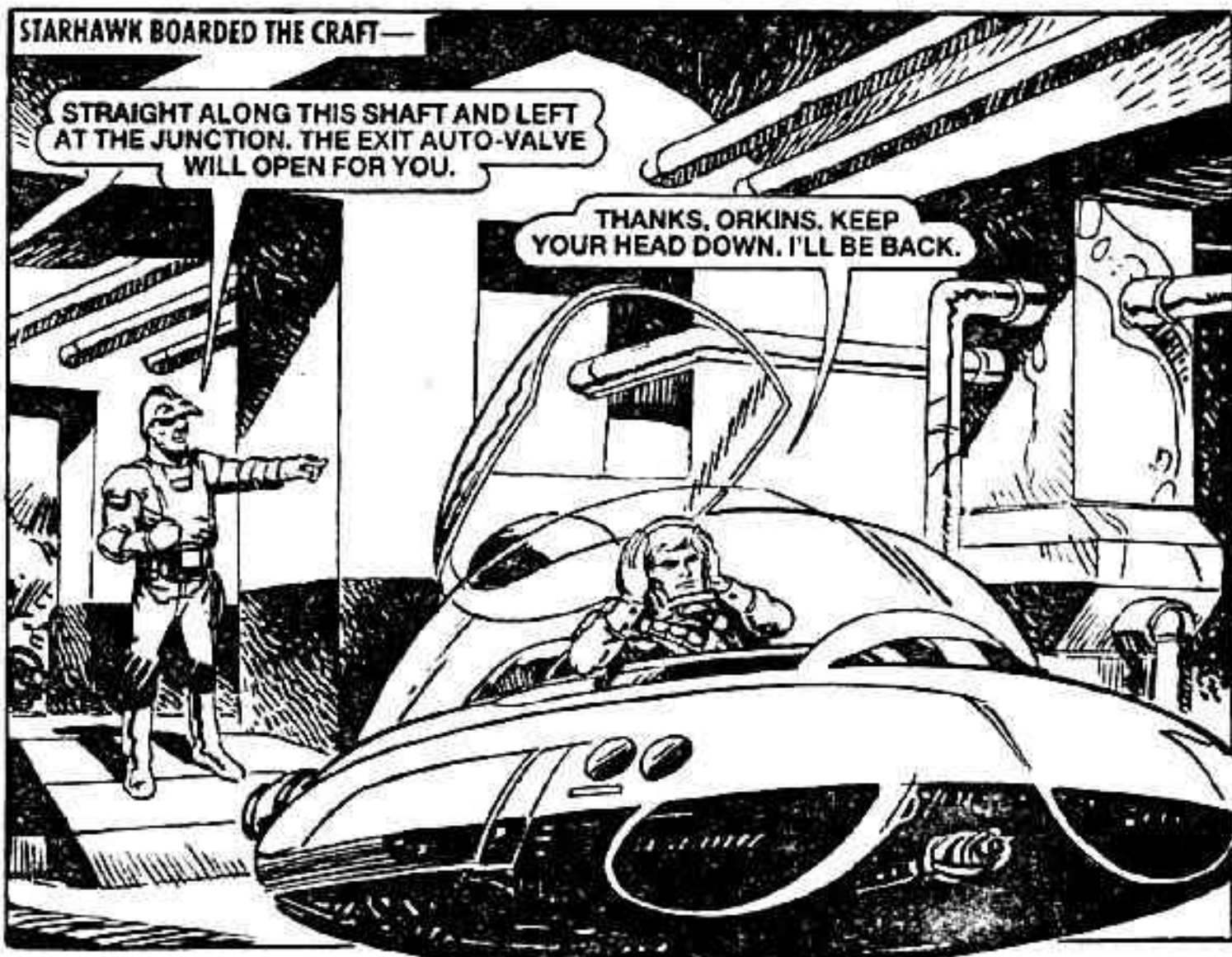
LOOKS TO ME LIKE THEY'RE STILL SETTING UP
AN OPERATION SOMEWHERE ELSE ON THE
PLANET. MAGALOS DIDN'T BOTHER TO ANSWER
MY REPORTS — DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'RE
INTERESTED IN AN ABANDONED PROJECT ON
THE GALACTIC FRINGE. SO I USED YOUR CARD
WHICH I FOUND IN THE EMERGENCY CABINET.
ON THEIR NEXT VISIT THE MUTANTS BLASTED
THE COMMUNICATOR.

A close-up of a man's face, wearing a cap and a flight suit. He is looking down and to the right with a serious expression. The background is dark and indistinct.




THE COMMUNICATOR OVER IN
THE SETTLEMENT IS STILL
FUNCTIONAL, ORKINS.

A man in a flight suit is standing in a room, holding a small object in his hand. He is looking towards the left. The room is cluttered with various items, including a large cabinet with shelves, a desk, and a chair.

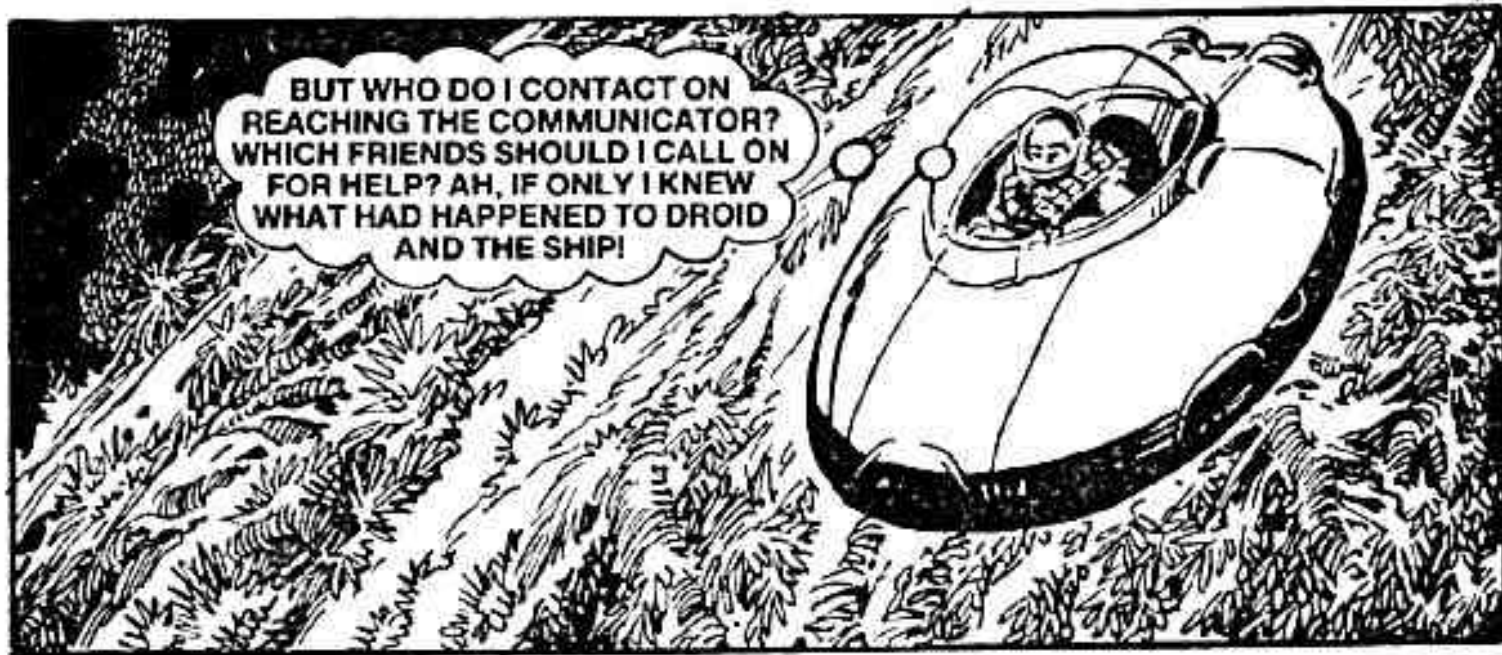


STARHAWK EMERGED IN DAYLIGHT ...

GUIDANCE READ-OUT SHOWS I'LL
BE THREE NIGHT AND DAY PERIODS
ROUNDING THE PLANET.

A black and white comic panel showing a sleek, aerodynamic spacecraft, the Starhawk, emerging from a rocky, mountainous landscape. The ship is angled upwards, and its engines are visible. The background shows more rugged terrain and a bright light source, possibly the sun, creating a high-contrast scene.

BUT WHO DO I CONTACT ON
REACHING THE COMMUNICATOR?
WHICH FRIENDS SHOULD I CALL ON
FOR HELP? AH, IF ONLY I KNEW
WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO DROID
AND THE SHIP!

A black and white comic panel showing the Starhawk flying over a dense, hilly forest. The ship is seen from a side-on perspective, moving towards the right. The forest is detailed with many small trees and bushes, and the terrain is uneven.

STARHAWK TO DROID! COME IN,
DROID! STILL NO ANSWER.

A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of a pilot inside the cockpit of the Starhawk. The pilot is wearing a flight suit and a helmet with a communication system. He has a concerned expression on his face. His hands are on the controls, and various instruments and dials are visible in the foreground.

WHAT THE ...





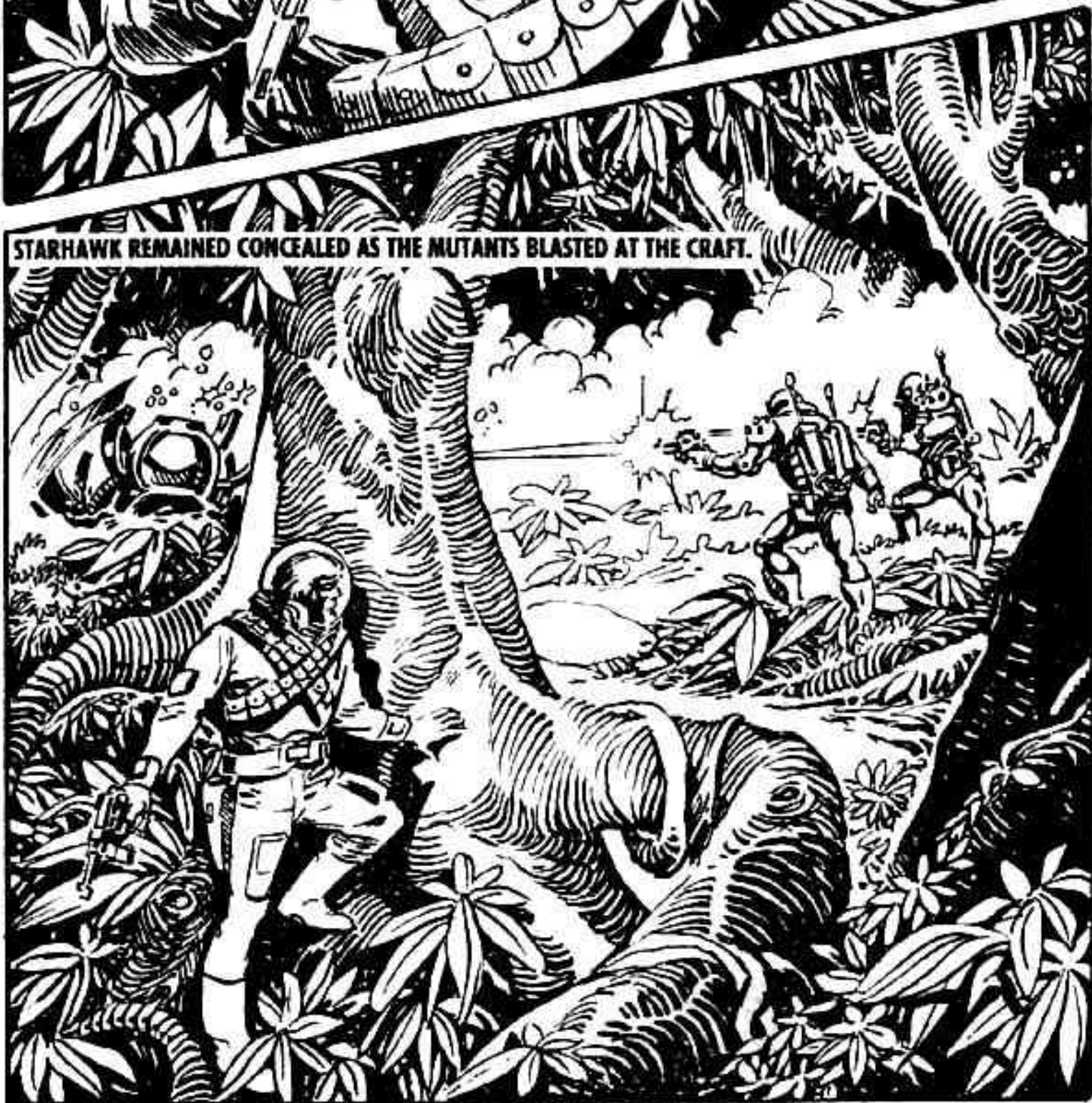
STARHAWK BALED OUT ...

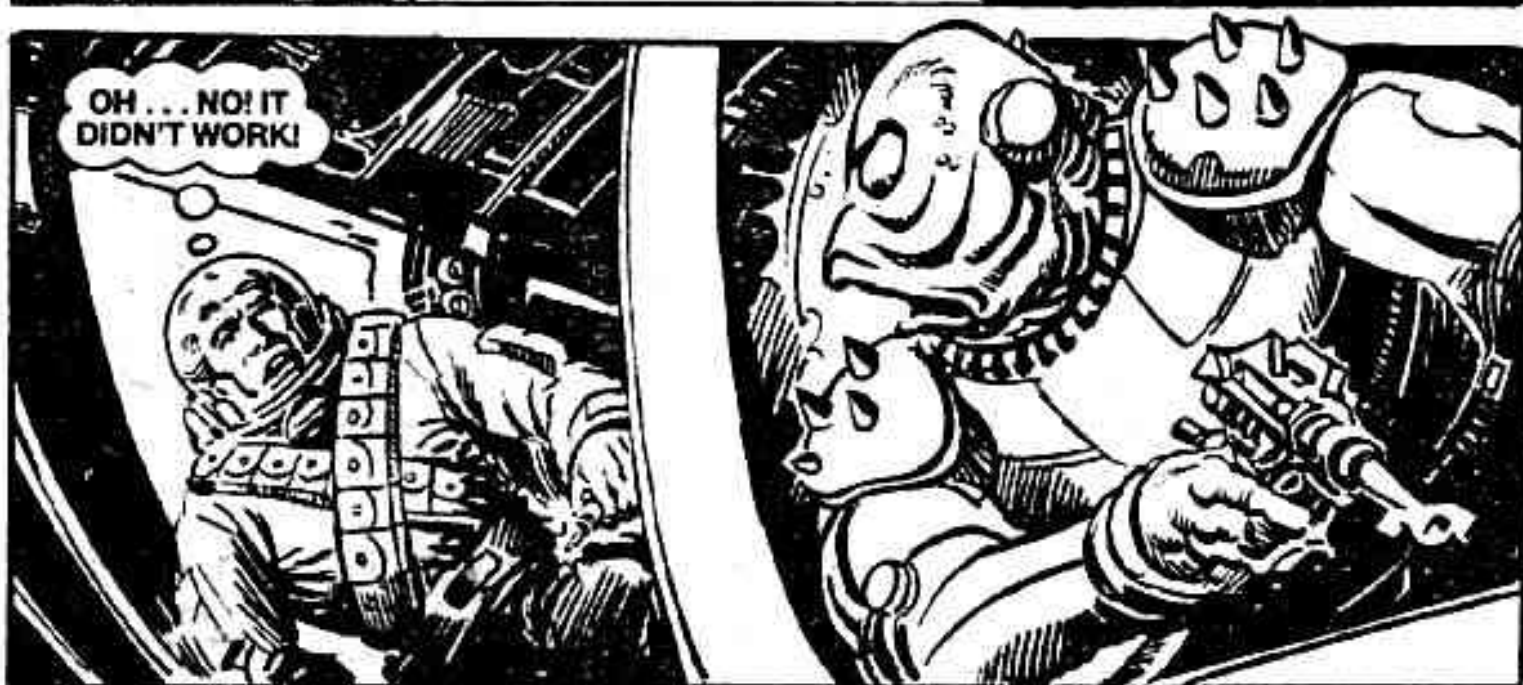





TWO MUTANTS GETTING OUT.
THEY REALLY DO MEAN TO
MAKE SURE OF ME.

STARHAWK REMAINED CONCEALED AS THE MUTANTS BLASTED AT THE CRAFT.







HE CAN'T HAVE A
NERVOUS SYSTEM!



STARHAWK RETURNED FIRE ...

WHEW! MISSED!

STARHAWK DIDN'T WASTE TIME TAKING CONTROL OF THE NOW ABANDONED CRAFT.

VERY SOON I'M GOING TO HAVE THOSE OTHER TWO HEADING MY WAY.

STARHAWK BLASTED OFF —






THE FACE VANISHED FROM THE HELIJET'S SCREEN.

IT'S GONE, BUT I HAVE A TRACE. I
REALLY DO MISS DROID FOR THIS
HEAVY WORK.

STARHAWK FLEW ON INTO THE NIGHT-SIDE ...

I'M SURE I'VE SEEN THAT
FACE SOMEWHERE BEFORE.



NEARLY THERE — AND SOMETHING
IS COMING UP ON THE INFRA-SCAN.


THE INFRA-SCAN DETECTED
ANYTHING GIVING OFF HEAT.

AS HE PASSED OVERHEAD—



IT'S ANOTHER
MINING OPERATION.

STARHAWK PARKED THE HELIJET ...



MUST BE A PIRATE VEN-
TURE. MAGALOS MINING
HAS THE ONLY FRANCHISE
TO WORK THIS PLANET.



A SHAFT GUARDED BY MUTANTS.
MACHINERY NOISE INSIDE.



STARHAWK EXAMINED
A PILE OF WASTE.


SPOIL FROM ORE
THAT'S BEEN CRUSHED
AND WORKED. MUST BE
QUITE AN OPERATION
GOING ON IN THAT
HOLE.



AS HE MOVED CLOSER TO THE WORKING,
HE HIT A DEFENCE MECHANISM.


FZZZZT!

AAAH

A black and white comic panel showing a man in a flight suit with a patch on the chest, working on a large, complex mechanical engine. He is holding a tool and looking intently at his work. The background shows various parts of the ship's interior, including pipes and structural elements.

IT'S A FORCEFIELD GUARDING A SHIP, AND A NEW HIGH-POWERED SPACE-WARPER AT THAT.

HE RETURNED TO THE HELIJET—

A black and white comic panel showing a man in a flight suit flying a helicopter. The helicopter is shown from a side-on perspective, moving quickly through the air. The man is looking forward, and the background is filled with motion lines and some circular objects, possibly representing the landscape or other elements in the scene.

THAT DISCHARGE MUST HAVE REGISTERED, BUT NO GUARDS CAME TO INVESTIGATE. WHY?





THAT COULD EXPLAIN WHY I
HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OF THE PEOPLE.



STARHAWK SEARCHED, AND FOUND ...

WHAT THE CELESTIAL BLAZES
HAS HAPPENED TO THEM?



A HOLOGRAM FLICKERED INTO LIFE—

JUST WINDOW-DRESSING,
MISTER SOL RYNN — GENETIC
FREAKS FROM MY
LABORATORIES PROGRAMMED
TO PROVIDE A PEACEFUL
IMPRESSION FOR INTRUDERS.
THEY MAY BE DEACTIVATED
WHEN NOT IN USE.

THAT FACE AGAIN.







RE-ACTIVATED, THE FREAKS ROUNDED ON STARHAWK.

DEFINITELY NO LONGER
HAPPY IDLERS.

STARHAWK RAN ...

A RAPID TAKE-OFF BY
HELIJET SEEMS INDICATED.

BUT WHEN HE REACHED THE CRAFT—

MUTANTS!

STARHAWK MADE A CHANGE OF COURSE ...

KILL

KILL


ME OR MUTANTS — THEY
CAN'T TELL THE DIFFER-
ENCE. THEY'VE LOST ME,
BUT THEY CONTINUE ON
THEIR BLOODTHIRSTY WAY.

THE TRANSFORMED IDLERS WENT
FOR THE MUTANT GUARDS ...

KILL

KILL




A man in a military uniform with a tactical vest and a bandolier is crouching in a dense jungle. He is looking down at a small object in his hands. The jungle is filled with large, broad-leafed plants and thick vines.

SUCH OBEDIENT CREATURES, AS GALOS SAID. LUCKY FOR ME HE DIDN'T MAKE HIS KILLING ORDER VERY PRECISE.


THE HELIJET BLASTED OFF—

A helicopter is shown exploding in the sky, with flames and smoke billowing out. The explosion is depicted with dynamic, radiating lines. The scene is set against a dark background with some stars or distant lights.

LOOKS LIKE THE MUTANTS WON.
NOW THEY'RE AFTER ME.


A man in a military uniform is shown from the chest up, looking upwards with a concerned expression. He is holding a rifle. The background shows the same dense jungle environment as the first panel.





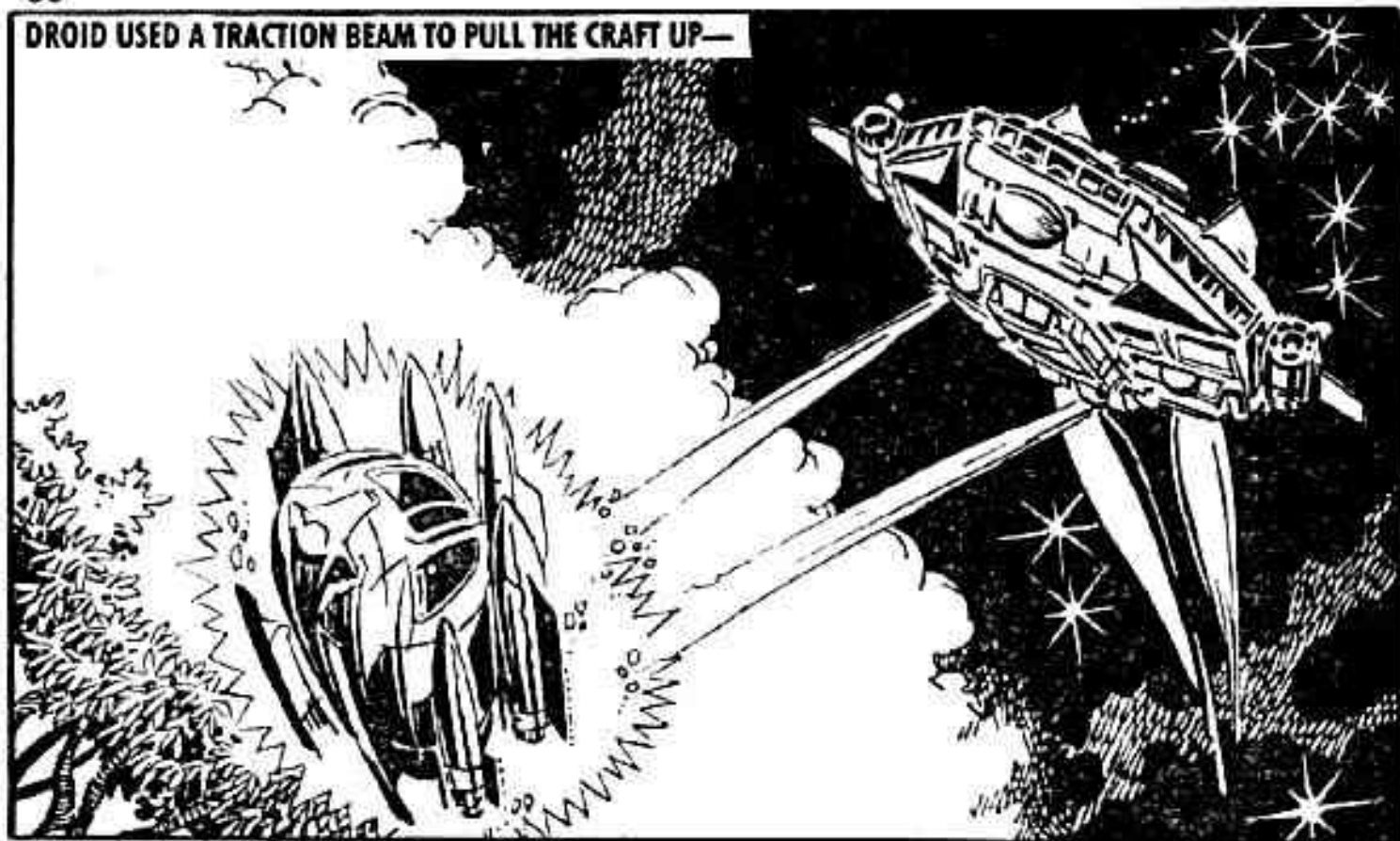
MY APOLOGIES FOR THE
BREAK IN COMMUNICATION. I
HAD TO PUT DOWN ON THE
BLIND SIDE OF ONE OF THE
MOONS TO EFFECT REPAIRS.
THE SHIP IS NOW FULLY
OPERATIONAL.

THEN OPERATE IT,
DROID! I NEED HELP.



HELP IS ABOUT TO BE RENDERED,
MISTER RYNN. I AM HERE.

DROID USED A TRACTION BEAM TO PULL THE CRAFT UP—



STARHAWK WAS BEAMED ABOARD ...

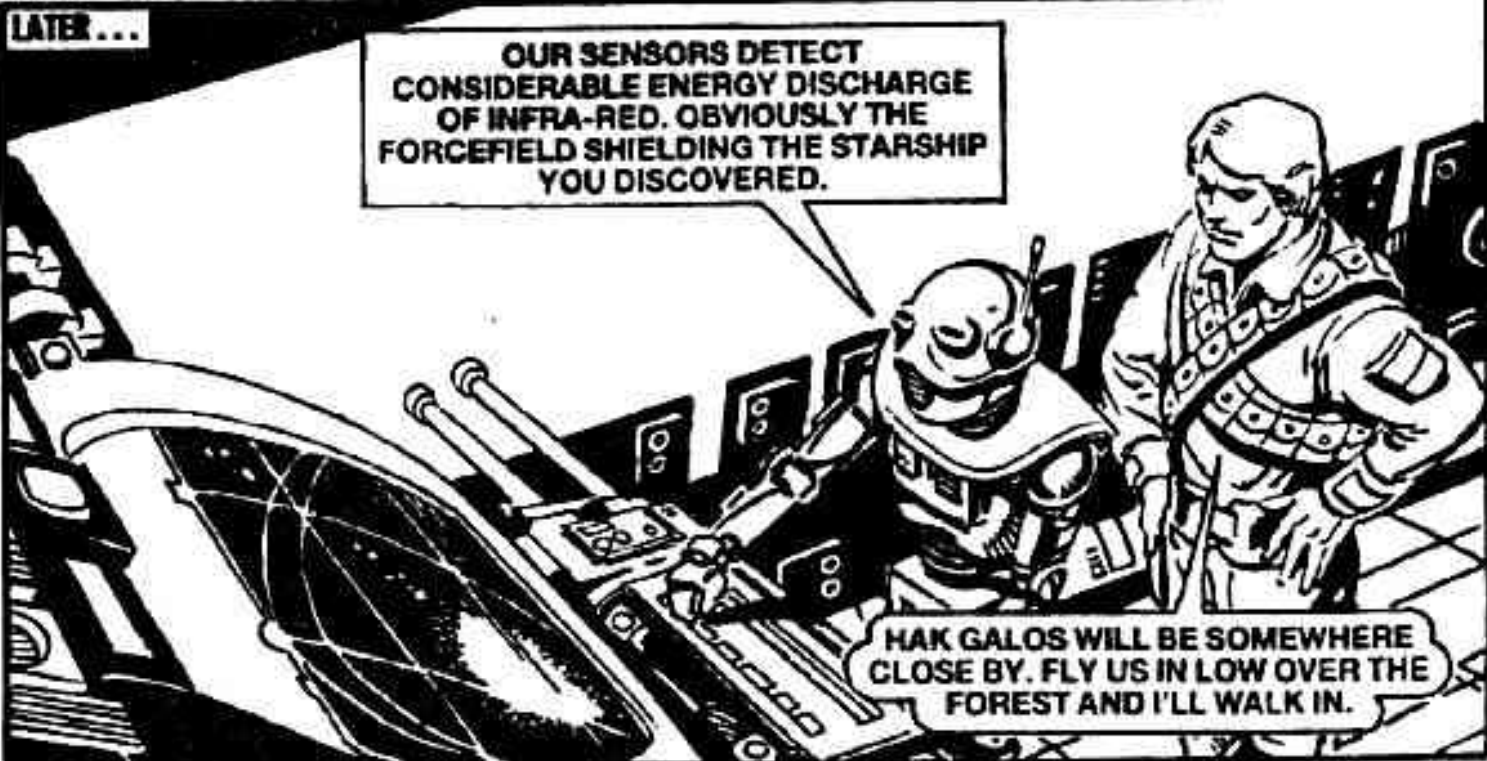
**BY THE WAY, WE HAVE A
PASSENGER, MISTER RYNN.**

HUH! WHO?





LATER ...



OUR SENSORS DETECT
CONSIDERABLE ENERGY DISCHARGE
OF INFRA-RED. OBVIOUSLY THE
FORCEFIELD SHIELDING THE STARSHIP
YOU DISCOVERED.

HAK GALOS WILL BE SOMEWHERE
CLOSE BY. FLY US IN LOW OVER THE
FOREST AND I'LL WALK IN.



I'M WITH YOU, STARHAWK. I CAN STILL
HANDLE MESELF IN A FIGHT.

FINE, ORKINS.
COME ALONG.

THEY LANDED NOT FAR FROM THE STARSHIP —

DROID, KINDLY TAKE CARE OF
THINGS AS WE ARRANGED.

I QUITE UNDERSTAND,
MISTER RYNN.

MAYBE HAK GALOS IS
ABOARD THAT SHIP.

NO, HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO MAINTAIN CONTACT WITH
HIS MUTANTS FROM WITHIN
THE FORCEFIELD.

DROID RAPIDLY ANALYSED THE
CONTENTS OF A CONTAINER.

TRIKALAK-K! NO LESS THAN
FOUR TONNES OF IT, MISTER
RYNN!

ALL READY TO LOAD ABOARD
WHEN THE FORCEFIELD IS
LOWERED.

STARHAWK AND ORKINS MOVED ON ...

SOMETHING'S
COMING OUR WAY.

INTO COVER — HURRY!



THE TRIKALAK-K IS BEING
TAKEN TO THE SHIP.





STARHAWK PICKED THE OPEN DOOR —







YOU ARE A NUISANCE THAT I SHALL
DISPOSE OF WITH MY OWN HANDS.

I'LL DOWN HIM WITH THE
STUNWAND. STRANGE. THIS IS
ALMOST TOO EASY.



IT'S NOT WORKING!

FOOLISH FELLOW! MY NERVOUS
SYSTEM IS NOT OF THE
ORDINARY KIND.



JUST IN TIME, STARHAWK DODGED ...



STARHAWK HEADED OUT OF THE MINE.

WHERE'S ORKINS?

A MUTANT!



BUT BEFORE THE MUTANT COULD FIRE.



**MISTER RYNN, YOUR ORDERS
HAVE BEEN PRECISELY CARRIED
OUT.**



**WHICH MEANS THAT THINGS
SHOULD START HAPPENING VERY
SOON.**

**THE GALOS STARSHIP
LIFTS OFF.**




**SEE WHAT I MEAN?
LET'S GET AFTER IT.**

STARHAWK'S SHIP ROSE IN PURSUIT ...



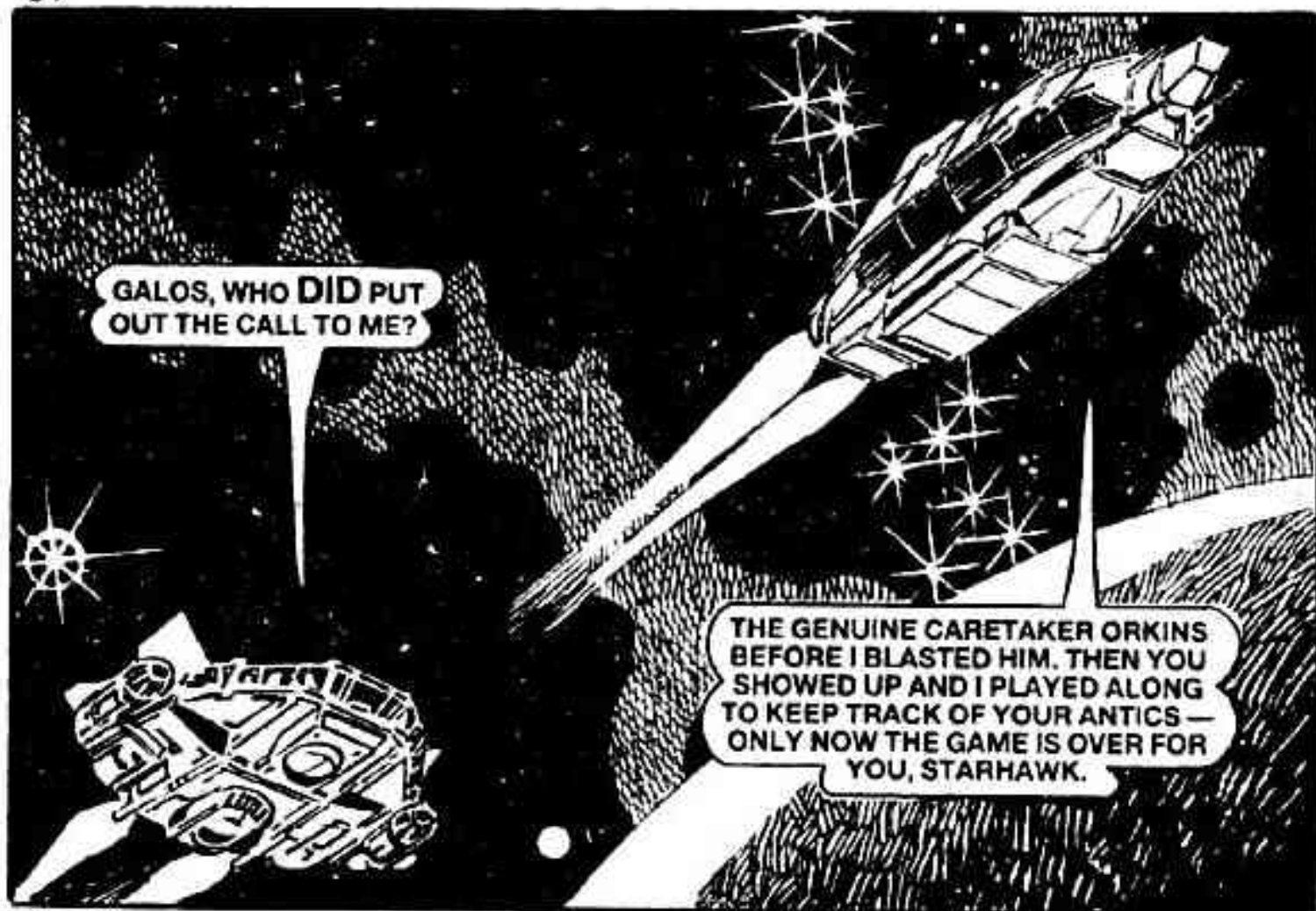
DROID, PUT A RADIO
BEAM ON THAT TUB.

ONCE IN SPACE, A VID SCREEN CRACKLED INTO LIFE.

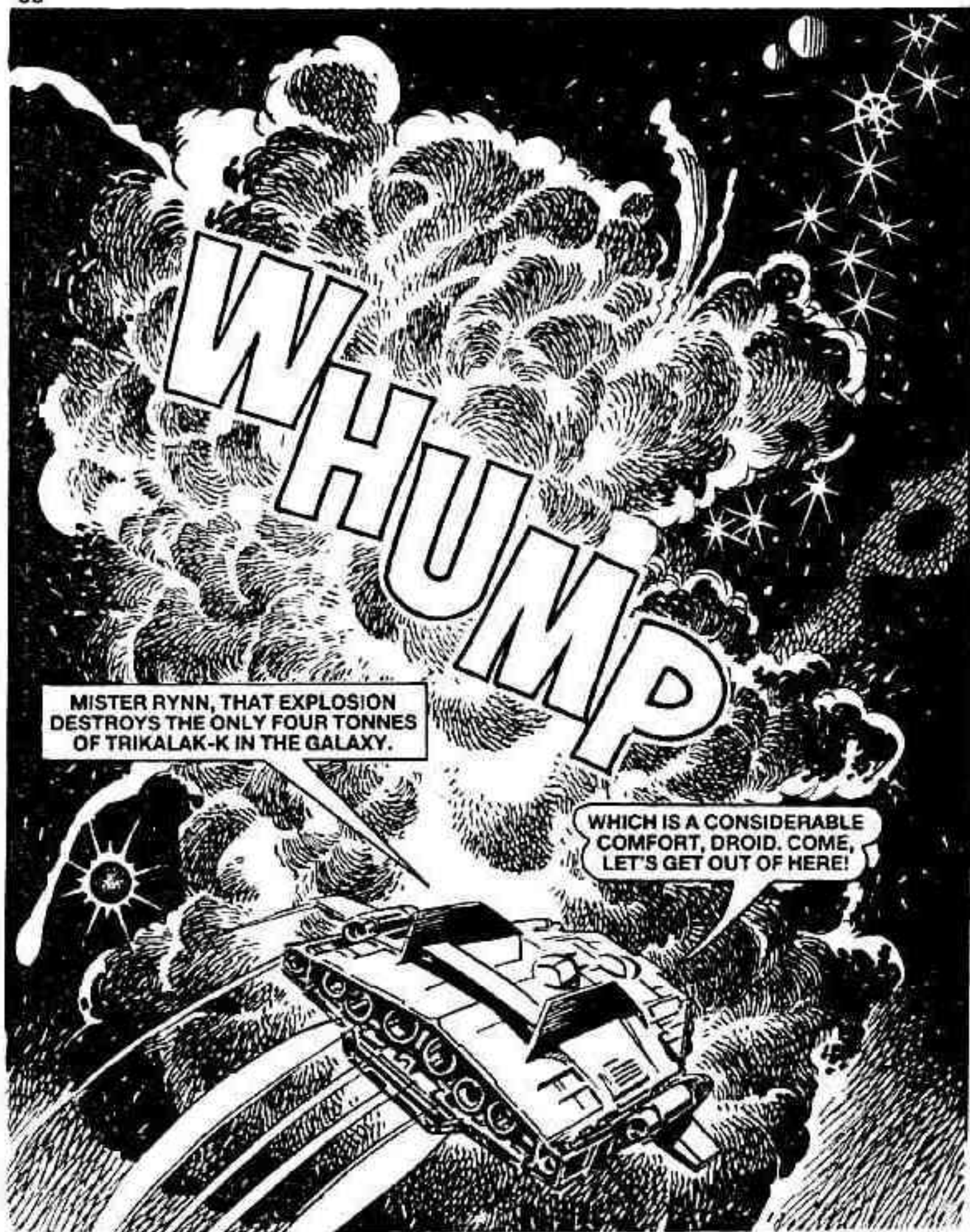


ORKINS — OTHERWISE
HAK GALOS.

SO YOU FINALLY FIGURED IT OUT. YEAH,
THAT ANDROID WAS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL
A DUMMY FRONT.



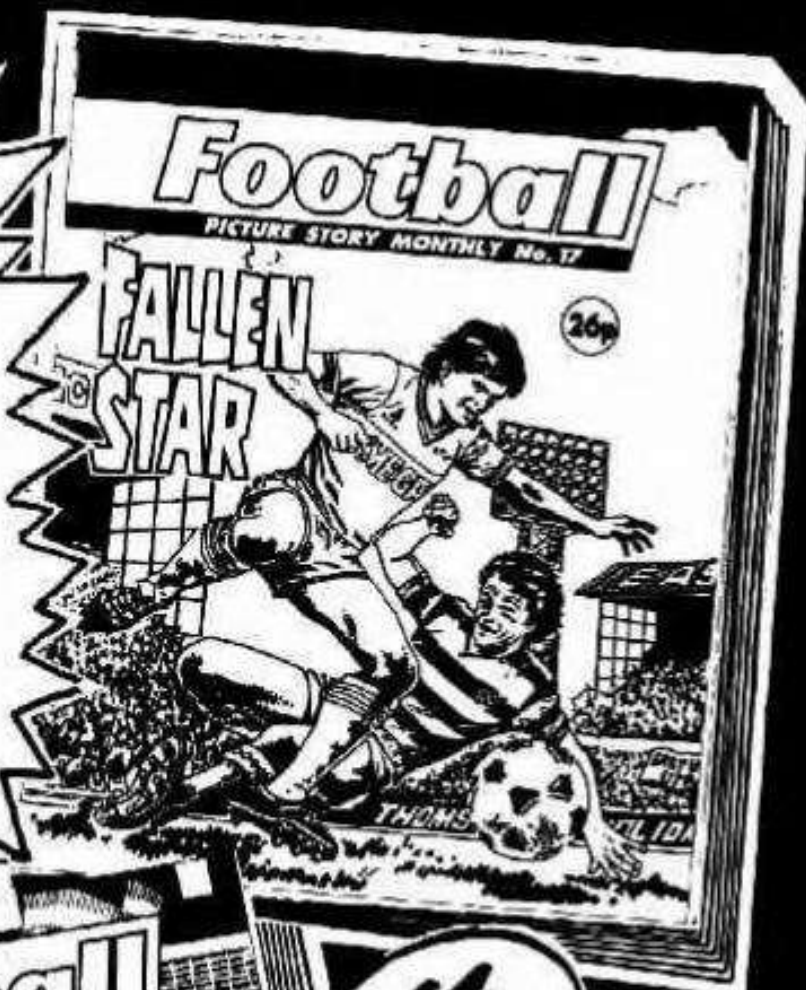




MISTER RYNN, THAT EXPLOSION
DESTROYS THE ONLY FOUR TONNES
OF TRIKALAK-K IN THE GALAXY.

WHICH IS A CONSIDERABLE
COMFORT, DROID. COME,
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

**TWO
GREAT
FOOTBALL
PICTURE
STORY
LIBRARIES
EVERY
MONTH!**



**64
PAGES
EACH**

**PLUS
A FULL COLOUR
MINI PIN-UP...
...AND A PAGE
OF FOOTBALL
FUNNIES...
IN EVERY ISSUE!**

NOW ON SALE

26p

STARHAWK

The 3rd millenium, 2600 AD, and the Galaxy-spanning Terran Empire is crumbling in decline.

The savage alien Krell ravaging its borders and order replaced by chaos.

Barbarism exists everywhere, and amid this lawless bedlam one man stands for law and order — Sol Rynn, known as Starhawk.

